

MEMPHIS APPEAL

THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 1, 1874

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

To-day the world enters the

precincts of another year. Swiftly

moving Time, that pauses not in his

eternal march, has added another link to

the long chain of years that have gone

to join the past eternally and have

summoned the work of to-morrow

another. Whatever our hopes, our fears,

our joys, our sorrows, the days and

years ebb and flow with a ceaseless tide,

regardless of the wrecks they find on the

sands, or that they carry with them

out into the limitless ocean of the past.

Alas! how full of the wrecks of once

stately ships is that ocean, and what a

lesson its cold waves teach us as they

sweep past from the shores of the

present! Standing to-day upon the

sands of that mighty ocean, we have

but to look only a little way into its

abysses, only to behold the scattered

debris of once glorious hopes, the

beautiful faces of our beloved dead,

the broken fragments of the wisest and

best of men. If we listen rightly, we

may hear the still small voice of its

waters, the sad, soft murmur of its

waves, telling of the changes which it

washes, the folly of ambition, the un-

reliability of fortune. These lessons it

has been teaching the world in vain

since time began, and the months of the

year commencing to-day, will witness

the same tragedy, the same comedy, and

the same farce, played by the children

of men, which made the world weep or

laugh from the beginning. But to all of

us there are fairer sails sailing among the

wrecks on that ocean of the past; they

are the sails of hope, and they will

retain the radiance of sun long set.

To the most wonderful among us it is

wise, on occasions like this of the festi-

val of the New Year, to look back upon

the lighter days of our life, and recall

some of their purity, some of their moral

strength, to sustain us in the evil days

that hath no pleasure in them. There is

no man without the sweet recollections

of childhood; none that cannot recall

fragrant and sunny memories of home;

few who cannot look back to the

glory and the beauty of a mother's love.

There are times in all our lives when,

like martial music that nerves the sol-

dier to the battlefield, but inexpressibly

sweet and comforting, come these mem-

ories of other days, making us braver,

purer, stronger for the actual strug-

gle of life. Such a time is

New Year's day. Upon this day we

cannot but recall its pre-

decessor, and think of the decline and

change, and loss, that have visited our

friends, our neighbors and ourselves

during the twelve months that

closed the books of the old year last

night. But the day itself is

full of historic interest, of classical

allusions, of poetry and romance; and

besides, it begets a train of thoughts

that reach far into the future, and

come back laden with bright an-

ticipations of the happy days to come,

as did the men sent by Moses to spy out

the promised Land, who returned with

the waving camp of the Israelites in the

desert bearing grapes, pomegranates,

and figs, from the brook of

Eschel. The ancient Romans,

from whose religious calendar the early

christians wholly borrowed many of

the festive merrymen incorporated in the

system of feasts, made the first day of

the year an especial holiday. The day

was sacred to Janus, whose temple at

Rome was one of the finest of the public

buildings of that ancient city, and who

was a day of general rejoicing,

when the sturdy citizens of the

city, founded by Romulus, went

about the streets in festive garments,

making presents of gift dates, figs,

honey-cakes, and copper coins, having

on one side the double-headed of Janus,

and on the other a head. There was one

feature of this heathen custom in which

we would do well to imitate the ancient

Romans; they took care that all they

thought, said and did on New Year's

day was pure and favorable,

since everything happening on

that day was ominous of the occur-

rences of the whole year. We fear the

christians of Rome were not so careful,

but they would compare in this behalf with

the citizen of the pantheistic days of

antiquity. The modern carnival of

Europe, the Mardi Gras and Mo-

narche festivals of New Orleans, Mobile

and our own city, together with the

custom of giving New Year's gifts,

have doubtless their prototype in the

presentation of *strenae*, and the other festive

language of friendship and of love.

Our American custom of making New

Year's calls on this day we borrow from

our brethren of the British Isles. This,

when not abused, is one of the

best features of the day. It serves to

break down the barriers which exclu-

sion builds where it would introduce the

curse of caste into the republican

society. May the day be one of unmeasured

festivity to our readers, and may it be

therein a prophet of the prosperous days

coming with the year 1874. We present

to our readers the contents of the

editor of the *Tribune*. Have been

awaiting further particulars before tele-

graphing you; but have received nothing

except the fact that he was sailing on

arrival of steamer at Manzanillo. His

efforts will send them to me. Our

correspondent in Havana telegraphs to

the same purport; and is now making

vigorous inquiries. We still have some

faint hope that his disappearance may

be presently explained, and the Havana

supposition of death by drowning be

pleasantly dispelled by Mr. Keeler him-

self. He is an old traveler, familiar with

Spanish, as with a half a dozen other

languages, accustomed to roughing it in

nearly all parts of the habitable globe,

and likely, we should say, to take care

of himself, and not lose his head, in the

presence of danger. He is pleasantly

known to the literary world by contribu-

tions to the *Atlantic*, and by the re-

markable book of autobiography and

travel, *Vagabond Adventures*.

THE INSULT OF THE DRILL-MASTER.

We ask the people of Memphis to re-

flect upon the degrading insult offered

to their dignity and sovereignty as free

citizens by the drill-master, Barzley

Lewis, who, coming from Washington

with a long party whip, and brazenly

telling the public that Memphis and her

citizens cannot procure anything from

the government unless they vote the

Radical ticket. This is placing an esti-

mate upon our citizens as though they

were a purchasable commodity, ready

to sell themselves and their principles

to get a few crumbs from the govern-

ment. This is an insult of a deep and

atrocious character, which every honest

voter should to-day resent in a way that

will be felt when the votes are counted

out to-night.

BE UP AND SINGING.

If you wish an honest election in Mem-

phis—a man whose character for integ-

rity has never been questioned, and

who is able and faithful, you will vote

for J. J. Busby to-day. This cannot be

done without working and voting. We

care not whether you be white or black,

rich or poor, Democrat or Radical, your

peace and prosperity, and the peace

and prosperity of Memphis depends

upon the defeat of the partisan ring.

Let it not be said to-night that apathy

in the part of the people's candidate

defeated Busby. Turn out and you can

elect him.

If the people who desire Busby's elec-

tion will turn out and do their duty to-

day, they can carry the mass of the

choice by a handsome majority. Sink

personal prejudices, turn out and vote

for Busby, and his election is assured.

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